Castle in the hourglass

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/44292958.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types, The Old Guard (Movie 2020), Ancient Greek Religion & Lore, The Song of Achilles - Madeline Miller
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Achilles/Patroclus of Opus (Ancient Greek Religion & Lore)
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Canon Compliant, Modern Setting Retelling of Ancient Greek Religion & Lore, Murder Husbands, Psychopathology & Sociopathy, Dark Will Graham, Serial Killers, Obsession, Community: bdsm_fandom, BDSM, Homoeroticism, Cannibalism, Smut, Edging, Hand Jobs, Oral Fixation, Oral Sex, Rough Oral Sex, Rimming, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Anal Play, Rough Sex, Kissing, Switching, Topping from the Bottom, Masturbation, Consensual But Not Safe Or Sane, Hurt/Comfort, Angst, Character Death, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Dom/sub, Dominant Bottom, Top/Bottom Versatile, Established Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Andy | Andromache of Scythia Regains Immortality, Zeus Being an Asshole (Ancient Greek Religion & Lore), Idiots in Love, Agape love will not be swayed by time death or circumstances.
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-01-15 Updated: 2023-02-18 Words: 13,518 Chapters: 6/30

Castle in the hourglass

by Shelk

Summary

Agape, is the unity of love in which duality disappears, love between a God and a man.

Lecter believes himself high enough to look God in the eye, never passing up any opportunity to insert himself into another's crime. It's as if he can't stop himself. Obsessed with the opportunity to connect. To be seen.
Will reads him like a book, deciding to leave together and provide the connection that Hannibal is craving.

Chapter 1

Prologue

The islands rose up from the dark, choppy waters below, the ocean a swirling maelstrom of fury. The sound of the waves crashing against the rocks was like a constant roar, and the air was thick with a sense of danger. Birds shrieked and circled overhead, their cries adding to the feeling that the sea was alive and hungry. If any sheep strayed too close to the edge, they were at risk of being swept away by the winds.

The storms always isolated islands from the mainland, cutting them off for what felt like an eternity. The wind howled like a banshee, rattling windows and shaking the walls of the buildings. The town was small, with a few shops, a school, and a hospital along the main street. The hills surrounded the town, offering a measure of protection from the elements. The seagulls seemed to have a sense for the winds, their calls growing louder as the storm coiled, in distance the skies pitch black from the low clouds. The birds swooped and circled, searching for a place to rest their wings.

There was one resident who dared the storms, he was a rugged man with a weathered face and a lifelong love of the area. John had a habit of wandering off to the tallest cliffs before each storm, searching for any lost animals or tourists who may have been caught in its grasp. This ritual was born in the early 70s when several tree huggers got drunk and have been found weeping by the edge of the cliffs, unable to escape the relentless winds, the rain turning roads around Quebec's nature reservoir into slippery deathtrap.

John clutched his coat tight around him, turning the key in his boat, leading the nose up to the cliffs. The seagulls swooped and cried over some iron ores, his eyes followed the birds, discovering the moving figure of a man, in the middle of the damn ocean, rushing to the rescue.

“…backpackers” he swore, surprised by nothing since last summer when kids from the mainland went climbing the cliffs with their bare hands.

As any nurse would tell you; that it is not the screaming patients that you prioritize, it is the silent ones. If you have the energy to scream, you have the energy to live.

As Ruth sat in the quiet of the small waiting room hospital, her 47 years of experience in the emergency room holding her like a comforting blanket, the sound of a car approaching stirred her from her thoughts. The engine's growl grew louder and more urgent with each passing moment until it came to a screeching halt outside the building. That was John`s truck, one

glance at the bloodless faces was enough for the woman to roar for help, running to the door, she only lost two patients in her years as a nurse. Today was not the day when she would lose a third one.

Hannibal could make an educated guess that their time was running out. They fell, feet-first, in fact, from limited rotation, his left foot was broken in multiple places and swelling up fast in a shoe that miraculously enough stayed on top of his foot. The difference in their height, was probably the only reason, that they did survive.

His lungs were larger, filled with air, from their breathless kiss. They sunk into the darkness at almost a vertical line. His spine pulsing with pain.

Salty water burned, pushed up through the nose into his mouth hole.

Will was knocked unconscious, he guessed. His senses were on edge, he knew that, perhaps a couple seconds after the impact, Will's body relaxed, his head sinking. Hannibal's brain was screaming for survival, his body spasming, an instinct, the only reason he did not let go.

The water pushed them up to the surface. Like a balloon.

He turned on the back, dragging the younger man on top, ignoring the scraping and the pain, his shoulder blade dislocated. His elbow burned and bled, skin on his forearm was scraped off as if ice-cold water was a blade.

They were drowning.

Will could be dead already.

Hannibal would choose to drown, if he was.

His heart pounding in his chest.

He longed for life, this kind of life. Two of them, as they were meant to be. Together. How bittersweet it was.

Effects of adrenaline would last just a few minutes, their time was running out, his heart pounding fast. The body of the younger man was like a slippery anchor sliding off into the water. Hannibal's ears were ringing, and with remaining willpower he squeezed swollen fingers, holding into his own arm, holding the shorter man above the surface.

Water carried them, to swim away from the ocean at night, was impossible.

This kind of dark and wet death would take them quickly.

Nineteen-century open-cast mines saved them, the coastline of Bell Island consisted almost entirely of cliffs that towered above the water with rock formations mined into pure iron ore, piles of it left behind, scattered on the flat ocean floor.

Rough wet stones cut into his back. The water pushed them across one of such piles, rolling them on firmer ground. He rotated his body, dragging Will up on the sharp grovel. Swinging with the last of the energy, slamming his body weight into the back of the younger man.

They had one chance.

Will puked his own death out, coughing water out from his lungs.

Breathing.

Alive.

The time was ticking, minute by minute in Will Graham's head. They were too remarkable, and he knew exactly how this situation is going to end, once they are caught. A death row, for both of them.

Their savior, the three nurses, and the physician were around the bed on which Hannibal was pulled up, which gave him enough time to figure something out. This was the exact kind of problem, that impulsive decisions got them into. The clock was ticking away, each passing minute a reminder of the position Will found himself in. The storm outside was the only barrier between them and the FBI agents closing in. Serial killers did not get second chances.

Will saw an opportunity and walked into the corridor, borrowing a blissfully unlocked mobile phone from the front desk. He scrolled through the imagery of his mind palace, looking for a solution. It was not a book, it was a notebook, remembering some numbers. There was a phone number on Hannibal Lecter's desk. A man that, on his private phone only carried the names and addresses of his patients, each marked with the name and last name. A man like that would not keep a scribble on his private desk.

Will needed to use his thumbs to press the numbers into the phone, some fingers broken from the fall. Will couldn't think of anyone to call for help. His wife would be the first one to hunt them down with a shotgun through the fields. But then a memory surfaced, the note with the phone number was folded in a careful origami manner. Nameless. The call was answered immediately “Help” he breathed into the phone, talking filled his mouth with blood from the cut “Templeman Health Care Centre, W Mines Road. Bell Island, Newfoundland.”

The woman had a strong accent "Do not get separated" she said, cutting the conversation off. Will threw the phone back on the table, the headache killing him. The puddle of blood across the waiting room was probably partially his. Fingers shaking, trying to take off wet cotton. His ribs were definitely broken making it hard to stand upright.

The clock ticked, and by the end of the second-hour physician managed to stabilize Lecter, and sew his cheek together. The storm was suddenly gaining power, windows shaking from the wind, a helicopter descended upon the hospital lawn, its rotor blades creating a tornado of dust and debris. The building shook as the deafening roar of the engine echoed throughout the compound.

The chopper touched down, its landing gear sinking into the soft earth. The blades slowly came to a halt, and the door of the aircraft opened, revealing a group of men. This was not in the FBI budget, not even to hunt them down. Asian woman stepped out, carrying an actual sword, like a supervillain. Her eyes were dark, she was dressed in a black, tight suit with hair pulled back.

The hospital staff rushed to the doors, their expressions a mixture of fear and curiosity. The men were medics, Hannibal´s body lifted off on some kind of tool with wheels and tilted, his bag with liquids carried after him. The woman looked around, Will waved back, he had never seen anything like this before. A medic spoke Japanese, fast melodic words. Once again nauseous, Will tried to walk around the scary lady, moving his head at certain angles causing lava to pour down his brain. The medic caught him by the back, mercifully offering a plastic bag to barf into.

His legs walked, but he had no idea where the man was leading him, outside in the cold, out of the building. Will tasted vile and blood and then the acidic scent put him to sleep. The chopper lifted, flying them away from the storm.

Will woke up in a hospital bed, in the late afternoon, the headache was still there, but it was not as explosive as he remembered it, a plastic collar locked around his neck and jaw. The space had high ceilings and long windows. To the right, there was a simple bathroom, with a white porcelain sink, toilet, and shower. He took a piss. Every couple of steps required a moment of rest, every inhale heavy in his chest. Will closed his eyes, concentrating on moving his feet. His body was black and blue in the giant mirror, stitches on his face swollen and angry pink. Hospital boxers were baby blue with a brand on the right side. With three fingers tied to metal construction tied to the top of his hand and every limb in some form of compression tube, the most he could do is to stumble to the other door, pressing on it with his left shoulder. The door opened to a similar space, Hannibal was laying on the other bed. He had one of the beeping machines beside him with a long plastic tube going to his mouth, which did not look all that promising.

Will stared, after a moment of swaying side to side, making a path forward a couch. He sat down, too tired to assist the situation, laying down to rest a little and falling asleep once again.

All they did was sleep and eat. Hannibal woke up in the morning the next day. The hospital bed was in fact wide enough for two of them to lie on it together. The man was talking in fluent Japanese above Will`s head, who was more concerned with taking off thin plastic packaging from every individual ingredient, making a simple bowl of soup taking good

fifteen minutes. Slowly but surely he was becoming ambidextrous with a limited number of functional fingers, that he still had. The people come and went, a dentist arrived and put sweet tasting paste inside of his mouth, assessing cavities an odd priority after falling off a damn cliff. His bruises were turning black, but that was nothing compared to what he saw, when Hannibal was moved in for surgery, catching a glimpse of his naked back.

It would get better, he was told.

They were lucky, he was told.

His stomach still turned in worry, every time he saw the purple bloom upon previously pink skin, even Lecter`s ears were turning purple and black. The back was almost ink-black and swollen, the nails on his feet were falling off and his toes turned black. Compression tubes were tightened and adjusted, and days passed hour by hour. Long naps under heated blankets and blood transfusions. They were anemic, both of them, made to eat sweet candy made out of cow blood, the flavor was dry but not at all unpleasant. Hannibal was on multiple antibiotics, pressing the yellow pills into the soft candy and swallowing all the pills at once. He did not like the hospitals, Will realized, after a while.

On Monday, the table changed, and he was now on a liquid tube diet and moved to the other bed. Not even a little bit of proximity to the cannibal, instantly made him anxious. But it was Hannibal that called for help and translated, what was going on.

The room have been going clear and cloudy for a while, but that was due to him not having his glasses anymore. Apparently, no, it was not. He had bruises of his own, internal ones. A subconjunctival hemorrhage was the broken blood vessels in both of his eyes, with red filling the eyeball. But that was the least of his problems, as the light flickered, his right iris twice the size of the left one. Nurses run back and forward, time moving in slow motion. The surgeons were going to make a little hole and drain the blood from his brain, Hannibal explained purring in his ear.

What a wonderful start to the week.

Chapter 2

Eight months later.

Hannibal nuzzled into the hair of Will Graham, sleeping on his chest. The morning was grey and slow, and they had nowhere to be today. He run a hand through the dark locks. So much he has learned in the last year. Threads of comfort he used to grasp for, in formal appearances of life he imagined for himself, were not enough anymore. That was the biggest and most surprising of changes in his life. He even thought of himself back then, as pathetic in moments of weakness.

Was he at fault for not possessing ambition or imagination, grand enough for the needs he had today?

Not at all.

This dependency on another being was a strange sensation, but not an entirely unenjoyable one.

Or perhaps, the years were finally catching up with him.

People were not this complicated, everyone had a pattern, of wants and needs. And almost everyone was useful in one way or another. At the very least he participated, because the investment of his time paid for itself, with an adventure and a good meal.

It would have been unreasonable, to ignore the influence he had over people, in his youth men and women gathered around, viewing him as eye candy. Now, when he matured, they still did that, but they did not bother him with adoration.He was admired and feared.

Intimidation was a two-edged sword.

At times, he felt lonely, but he enjoyed the process of deserving admiration from a stranger. Collecting friendships in all circles of life.

What was sweeter than the kisses of your former enemy? What is more tender, than a broken heart?

Even as a boy, he always felt consumed by his relationships, and in love with how that felt.

Love was simple; people either love you or they don't. Attraction on its own felt shallow. Lust was often messy. And the little fun, that he did have in the warmth of his friendship, often ended up in arguments. People did not appreciate being formed into the best or worst

version of themselves, for his entertainment. And he was not interested in spending his time raising his voice on banal animals clinging to their morals.

Morals were, after all just simple imitations of motivation created by aesthetics.

He longed for something more, than observation. In Italy, Bedelia took upon herself the role of narrator of his life, instead of being his wife. And that hurt his feelings.

As thankful as he was, for the lovely time, he felt frustrated with her. Everyone who knew of Will were pushing him back into his arms. During his sessions, he could not stand people living less than in their best environment; and spared the effort of getting there. His best life was now somehow undecided and out of his control. And yet, he did not fight it, as hard as he assumed he would.

Time does not heal the wounds, it teaches you to live with them.

Will did hurt him, in the most unacceptable fashion.

He rejected him.

He humiliated him.

And he fell, with him.

Actions talked louder than words.

Back then, Bedelia called him self-absorbed. He could have said the same, about her child-like infatuation with theories about mankind and her personal role, in his life. He liked his women strong and determined and his men weak, that was a preference. His fantasy. She remained, a fantasy, remained exchangeable.

And Will decided to not play along. In Italy and in France, Singapore, and London Hannibal did try to find an imitation and let himself free, from this madness.

But what did it give him?

Nothing.

The connection between them was undeniable and stable, and warm. Will was the darkest of empaths that he have met. He did not observe his behavior as outrageous as long as it was authentic, and that level of open mind was, soothing the rough edges. In the past, he would speculate that, that William was far off the spectrum of infatuation with his “person suit”. In fact, at times Will Graham has been delusional about their relationship.

What could an autistic boy from Baltimore know about the authenticity or inner dynamics of his mind? His life experiences were so limited. His mind crumbled into psychotic fits at the lightest disturbances in the environment.

But, beauty was in the eye of the beholder. And the boy looked at him, with eyes that have seen God.

The world could burn for all he cared, but never did a man look at him, at his worst, with such inner peace.

Hannibal felt entertained.

He felt welcomed into this new life, of theirs.

Denial was a fool's game, not a river in Egypt. He knew that he was in love, from the moment he smelled Will in that room. It was not fascination. It was not hunger. He was smitten with the idea to stand on equal grounds, with a being, not yet aware of potential hiding in that twisted anxious mind.

Awakening Will's nature was the best project Hannibal took upon himself. And his efforts always brought fruit to his table.

The quiet confidence that have grown in the younger man, send shivers down Hannibal's spine. The beauty did not come through in moments of rage during the hunt. It was in every logical argument and in every movement. The irony was that Will needed this physical rejection by the world that knew him, to overcome the impulse to reject their courtship.

The boy did more than that, he took from Hannibal, his need to wear his "person suit" in public.

And what a relief it was.

Andromache of Scythia, stepped out of the car, in front of Hannibal Lecter's residence, lost in thought. She remembered the days when the Trojan war had first begun, and the fear that had filled the city. It was then that she first met Helen, the cause of the war. Helen had come to the city of Troy as a bride, betrothed to King Priam's son, Paris. Andromache, who was betrothed to Hecter; Paris's brother, was considered an outcast among the women, due to her Scythian heritage. She took an instant liking to the frightened girl.

Andromache was a warrior first and a woman second and had fought in the siege of the city, she had not hesitated to take up arms to defend Helen. It was then that she met Achilles and Patroclus, the greatest of all Greeks.

Outcasts, just like they were.

The two were known to be lovers, she knew them as madmen that ran into battle. They captured Helen and Andromache had come to know them personally, retrieving the child back to Troy. A sense of sadness washed over her when she remembered their deaths. She also died, in that battle, awakening hours later when bodies went stiff and cold.

Their passings were so vivid in her mind, the dreams talked to her of Achilles and Patroclus's return, men wearing new faces and battling a red dragon. The imagery of blood on their

hands. They must have fought through hell itself, to reach her dreams. It was not all that uncommon, for some of her dreams to be memories. But very few of her dreams lead her to concrete places and moments in time.

Andy took the elevator to the top floor and opened the door to the left. She quickly stepped behind it and closed it in time to avoid contact with Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham walking out of their apartment. For now, she will remain in the shadows, she decided, hoping for some rest. Her dreams were always milder, the closer she was to the origins of the disturbance.

In mid-sentence, Will forgot what he was saying, his eyes widening. Hannibal was so tall, imposing figure in the dimly lit space, a dramatic silhouette against the doorframe. Will, sat straight on the bed, acutely aware of being naked.

Hannibal loosened the tie, letting it hang limply, unbuttoning the top two buttons of the shirt. He stretched, hanging the jacket off into the closet. Today, he wore, the sleeve garters, to keep the cuffs from becoming soiled. The silky belts folded around the biceps, the fabric bend. Odd detail of the dress, undone and pulled off. The psychiatrist turned around, acknowledging the interest with a little turn of the head. Moving slower, four of the handmade buttons were undone with the delicate touch of long fingers. Lecter could almost hear the beating of Will's heart, leaving the shirt open, and unbuckling the belt. The younger man bit his lip.
Now, this was too easy; a desire to tease, impulsive, and singing. Hannibal leaned back, taking the shirt off, and allowing the pants to drop to the floor.

For a brief second, their heartbeats were the only sound in the room, men holding their breath. Will swallowed, breaking the moment.

“Why?” Will spoke, unsure if he might already know the answer. He was horny. Obsessed with moments such as this. Denied what already belonged to him. Given attention and commitment. Loved. And forced to stand on the edge of denial. Brushed aside. Allowed just enough touch, enough comfort to restart the cycle, to not scream in frustration. Controlled with kisses. Day and night the heat between them, built. They have traveled for many months. Their wounds already healed. The irony of feeling so wanted and being denied the want. Hannibal was a psychopath and a sadist. Will felt his mind slipping. The hurt pulsed through his body. To feel understood and accepted and also refused. Unrequired touch stole the satisfaction of what pleasure could have been. He was exhausted to repeat the routine of kisses and masturbation, grinding against a man as cold as a statue. Denied the closure. Empty orgasms and hot seed on his hands. He could demand the moon. Need and hunger overfilling the cup, he was holding.

“Why?” Will begged.

Hannibal stepped forward, resting the large hand against his cheek, bringing his face up.

“Please” Will shattered at the sight of hope.

Their lips met, cold and hot, Will´s cheeks wet from the tears, bursting from his eyes. Desperation hurt. He leaned up, into the touch. Tongue slipping into his mouth. Hannibal straddled him, pressing him down into the bed. Fingers gliding into his hair, pulling it. Will gasped, the bedsheet and comforter between them like a jail, his dick pulsing. Heart pounding in his chest. On instinct, his body struggled, nails digging into the broad shoulders of the cannibal. He was pleading to be fucked. Getting increasingly lightheaded from the kiss. Then tension broke into sobs, his jaw was grasped, bruises forming under cruel fingertips. His lips forced away. A string of saliva between them. Hannibal grasped his face, holding it hard and turning away. The large body, too strong and too heavy, unmovable giant. Will did not even try, to seduce, demand, escape, or attempted to convince him, anymore. Minutes passing. And then the tears stopped, Will sobbing into Hannibal’s hand, his eyes burning.

“Eat me” he pleaded, breaking to pieces. There it was. Fear pulsed through him. Hannibal did not make a sound, the large hand letting go of his face. His cheek burned, as Lector slapped him across the face. Darkness shattering into thousands of stars.

“No” Hannibal purred, somewhere in the cloudy darkness.

Will made a feral sound, buckling under the covers. Pain spreading to his cheekbone, unsure if the cool and firm touch of Hannibal’s fingers, made it worse or better. His jaw grasped too hard. It hurt. Lecter used both hands, fingers wrapping under the ear and under the neck of the younger man, his thumbs pressing against the lips, with gentle pressure, tilting Will's head, catching words on the tip of the pink tongue.

The slippery and velvety touch of a alive tongue, was quite pleasant.

Hannibal sighed, pushing his thumbs deeper into the warm mouth, stroking the tongue gently, after a few moments pressing on the bottom molars, maintaining a firm grip on the jaw, holding Will by the face, sitting down beside him, pulling the man into an embrace. Naked skin, touching skin. “You are not leaving me behind” words whispered against Will`s ear, making his heart skip a beat.

Hannibal hesitated “Fuck” he swore softly, resting his forehead against the dark hair, inhaling the scent “what use is a declaration of my feelings, I have done it many times” moving the hand, thrusting the fingers between now, wet lips. Will moved against Hannibal’s body, his tongue stroked. His cock jumped up against his thigh. Heart pounding, thoughts rushing, recollecting words of forgiveness. Last time, his body was stabbed, when such a tone was used. The life behind them was a distant dream, a battlefield of eggshells, with every decision hurting someone. Someone gone. One thing for certain; they now had the privilege, of love, knowing each other from the depth of their darkness.

Frustration, all but sexual.

Will knew all of this, dreamt of it with shadows of the beasts, he thought of it, in the morning and at night, trying to find a way to soothe the fear he felt.Trying to find the words and phrases, that would bring them closer.

He felt.

Deep humiliation.

The disappointment.

And avoidance.

The problem was, h*ow easily they hid, behind their masks, pretending that each day is the last day, that they might spend together.*

Chapter 3

Will turned his head slowly, tilting it back into the touch. Embracing the blind lust, wet sounds of stroking, tongue scratched gently with a nail, pads of the fingers stroking the muscle. Inside of his cheek caressed, fresh scar tissue did not hurt, even squeezed in such a way. Will breathed, hands sweating against the bedsheets. Hannibal, leaned in closer, their hearts beating at the same rhythm, the man inspecting the scar, rough stitching done in a hurry made more damage than the clean slice that would heal into an invisible line in a few years. Slowly removing the fingers from the warm mouth, Hannibal rested his hand on the center of Will's throat, thinking through his words.

“I am…” he whispered “…trying” the man exhaled, needing to face reality. What were their chances; how long would it take, until darkness consumed them, a Ph. Ds.. on human interactions did not offer much comfort, now, did it. *His* darkness would consume them.

“Would you prefer, we negotiated?” Hannibal asked, not even hiding the irony of his own indifference. Will shook his dark head, like a baby mongoose in spring waters. Warmth and attraction, filled the old man’s heart, amused, pressing hand up against the throat; a steady low pressure with fingertips pressing into the jugular vein, thumb gliding softly over Adam's apple.

"I want" Hannibal listened, the sadness already, there.

“…what is” Will breathed out “…mine”, a projection of raw panic absorbing into his back, like droplets of defrosted ice, cold melting into the heat of his skin. Lips stretching in a smile, diving off a hill a child’s play with the recklessness of this insanity. How many times did he mimic desires and dreams. A marriage. Fatherhood. Love so sweet it exhausted the fantasy. His longing never subsided. His hunger.

Will Graham laughed, being thrown across the room, like a ragdoll.

Laughing for what felt like, the first time in his life.

The truth, hurt.

He wanted to break the cage of expectations.

Shatter box of Pandora.

Tired, of living a life, projecting other people's feelings and keeping everyone happy.

Tired, of doing the right thing, without giving himself time or energy, to take responsibility for his own decisions.Mimicing expectations into a theatre show, that his life was turning into.

Laughing, bluntly, happy.

Hannibal shook, scrambling to stand up. His brain registering, spasming in the bottom of his feet. Counting the seconds, the heartbeat raising drastically. The man dropped to the floor, with his back against the bed. Nails digging under the flesh of the forearms to stop, hyperventilation faster. His ears ringing too loud, to think.

Will washed the blood from the palm of his left hand in the hotel kitchen, pressing a towel to where the blood kept pulsing up. Finding a chocolate bar and an icy cold water bottle in the minifridge he returned to the bedroom.

Hannibal was sitting on the floor, an ambulance driving down the road, flashing red lights reflecting far in the dark windows and in Lecter`s eyes, a deep maroon-red flash.

His hand throbbed, blood soaking through the towel.

“Fix this” he ordered, kicking Lector in the thigh, swinging the leg over, and straddling the dumbass. With a perfectly functional bed, two of them were about the spend a night on the floor, bloody and naked, literally. Will unwrapped the sticky towel. The doctor, stared into the blood, bringing the hurt hand to the lips, licking off the irony liquid.

“Stitches?” Will asked, looking down.

Hannibal shook his head, refolding the towel, and applying more pressure to the scrape. His hands were clumsy, shaking from the second digit up. Will used his teeth to open the Hershey`s bar, breaking off three of the squares with force pushing them into Hannibal’s mouth. Shifting forward, pressing a cold water bottle against the back of Hannibal’s neck.

“Swallow” Will ordered, the key to handling panic attacks in adults is a clear line of instructions. Hannibal bit into the low-quality chocolate. Will pressed into the larger man, instantly feeling accelerating heart rate and drop palpitations.

“Now” an order. Hannibal swallowed the chocolate.

“You have them, often?” Will asked softly, Lecter shook head, staring blankly into the floor-to-ceiling windows and their reflection. The human body was capable to develop a tolerance, even to the instinct of survival. The parasympathetic nervous system used shifts in temperature to regulate, sweat already breaking out on Hannibal’s arms.

“Unmedicated?” Hannibal’s lips twitched. Will chuckled “You are careful, about what you put in your body. I remember.”

“You are done, now,” Will spoke, pulling the dirty blond hair of the cannibal. The man was silent, his pounding heartbeat did slow down on command, but his face pale and hands cold. Will stood up, forcing Hannibal to climbing up on the bed.

Will pushed the man down in horizontal position, laying down beside him, counting his blessings. Chocolate was obnoxiously sweet, and he seems to have bitten his tongue.

“If you run from me. I am going to find you and kill you.” Will spoke, completely serious, feeling the eye roll by the little twitch of the shoulder. Hannibal moved, bringing an arm over Will, crawling on top of him, like a bear. Ludicrously heavy and radiating heat. Summer night, already too hot.

“Why, am I feeling like you are annoyed with me? “ Will mumbled, scraping the spoon against the bottom of the bowl. Hannibal shifted on the couch, leaning back.

“I am, annoyed,” he admitted. “What if I, did eat you? Huh?”

Will choked on his potatoes.

“You trust a man, you barely know. Knowing full well, that he is a cannibal and a killer. You could have been a stew, already.” Irritated spoon swung around, side to side. “Worse. You would be raped and killed, in no particular order! Desecrated, like a common street whore! “

“I knew, you are in love with me” defenses crumbled.

“A lot of people, kill the people, that they are in love with.” Hannibal hissed into his coffee.

Hannibal stood in the shower when the bathroom door opened. Will held his hand up.

“I am bleeding” he informed angry wet back. The shower stall door was pushed aside instantly; blood was dripping on the floor in cinematographic bright red drops.

A small first help kit under the sink contained a familiar package, Hannibal opened the skin tape, removed the paper from sticky edges, and taped the sides of the wound together. Will whimpered texture of sticky glue-like residue filling the scrape, water-tight but far from a pleasant experience.

After standing up, Hannibal pushed Will under the shower, stepping up behind him. The glass door enclosed them. Touching, discovering young bruises on his shoulders, finding at least

two weeks old bruised on the hips. Annoyance bubbled up in his chest, not in the business of feeling shame or guilt, for actions he did not regret doing.

"…reckless" he hissed, into the dark hair "…fool" kissing exposed neck, bodies pressed together. Warm water poured down his face. Intoxicated by the smell, tongue lapping against wet skin. Hands gliding down, caressing the sides of the man, bringing him closer. Fingers gliding into the dark pubic hair, the cock was soft and uncut, tilted slightly to the side. Balls hung low. Hannibal stroked, between Will's legs, wrapping fingers around the base of his dick, pumping, and letting go. Grasping again. Swelling cock, sliding into the ring of fingers, squeezed and pulled up. Tip of the tongue tracing the seashell curl of Will`s ear with the softest kisses, pressing the man forward. Taking a better grip on the hip, stroking down the whole length of the dick faster. Letting go. Grasping the top, stroking with short controlled pumps, squeezing the hand around the erection. Slowly massaging the foreskin down, exposing the pink gland, and using the thin skin to stroke the head. Letting go, stroking the stomach.

Hannibal stepped back from the water, looking down into the first help kit, ripping apart a condom packet with his teeth and gathering the lube off the plastic. Will was standing with his head pressed against the tiles, and legs spread apart, breathing, the water directed directly at his head, drowning out the sounds. Hannibal lubed up both hands, taking a firm grip from behind, massaging Will's dick with a tight and oiled-up grip. Short strokes up. Gliding the hands up to the cockhead, squeezing gently, the precum leaking from the top. Oily thumb catching the liquid, coating the gland with circular strokes. Balls gathered up, stroked with strong fingers. Hannibal slowed down the movement, erection twitching into the touch, twisting the hands oh so slightly, strapping the dick in the grip, and slowly pumping the cum up to the balls. Will whimpered into the tiles, biting his lips. Hips pushing up on their own. Hannibal did not move faster, the pumping slow and deliberate, twisting the hands, side of the thumb caressing slippery gland, stroking even slower, holding the throbbing cock hard. With a smile, working up a rhythm to a fast steady upward pump with the grip lighter and gentler, sensitive dick hot to the touch. Will cried, pushing up into the hands, trying to crawl up the wall. Cum pulsing up on Hannibal's hands in several stringy shoots.

Gliding the teeth over his lower lip, Will imagined Hannibal licking the cum off his own fingers, finally consuming something of what he obsessed with. His knees shaking. Gravity turning into a slippery slope game, of the brave ones, his stomach still spasming with aftershocks of orgasm. He was a grown adult, who had sex before, and at this moment needed the grip under his thigh and the cool hard wall behind him. The water torture, getting old, fast. Blinding him with eyesight such as his, wet eyelashes sticking together. He took small deliberate breaths through the water. Afterglow heavy and making the room float, like a boat, a big wet horny boat. Lips pressed to his own, kissed by the sadist, salty aftertaste of cum on their tongues.

They fell asleep on the couch, letting a half-empty tub of strawberry sorbet and fluffy ice melt. The midday sun brought the heat with it, and neither one was hungry. Will went out like a flame, a post-orgasmic sense of security transitioning into his dreams, missing a whole day. The skies were purple and dark when Chinese takeout arrived. Hannibal speaking on the phone; in hissy and quick phrases, unpacking very small cardboard boxes with unknown dishes. Will yawned, fed chopstick-full of Pekin duck.

“Ma Po Tofu Rice” Hannibal explained, resting the phone against his shoulder as if that was supposed to mean something, feeding him a spicy cloud. Hannibal was wearing a full-on suit and smelled good, pacing around the room. Will, needed a shave.

Hannibal leaned down, kissing him “Did you dream, of me?”

“Always do” Will replied, picking up something with more vegetables off the table. Hannibal lingered around, brushing the tips of his fingertips against Will's back, sitting on top of the couch.

Hannibal woke up in the twilight of the morning, turning on his side, stretching and bringing, Will closer, gliding the arm up under the younger man's head. Resting nose in the dark curls. Will, automatically registered the angle of shoulder range, not asleep, not tonight, touching the muscular arm.

Fingers gliding over the bulging muscle in the middle of Hannibal's forearm, studying unusual male physic. Facts from criminology books flashing in Will's mind, *palmaris longus* muscle was developed primarily by blacksmiths. Responsible for grip strength, smaller reaction time, and power. The older man, had the body sculpted and trained, crafted by professional athletes. Lean strength of elongated muscles.

"Did you do boxing?" Will asked.

Hannibal nuzzled "Gymnastics."

Will chuckled "Jumping with ribbons?".

"Jumping with ribbons" sarcasm tangible " got me my first medical degree. Sovjet orphanages provided scholarships; for Masters of Sport."

"What about, your sister Mischa, uncle and aunt Murasaki in a castle, in Lithuania?"

Hannibal sighed "Lithuania is a five buildings wide, port. It takes less than two hours to walk from edge to edge. There are no castles and I am no prince on a white horse with a dramatic backstory. I came to America, because it is, a country of serial killers, is it not? "

Hannibal's mask slipped, the slight Russian accent tickling Will's ear" Whatever you wanted to see, you saw. Americans, are so easy to lie to. Anything that might worship your ego, and

you eat it up on a spoon. Mischa, did exist, it is short for Michael. He was my brother, William."

"My parents, were just simple, polish drunks. The Baltic sea is a jerk-off circle, of ambitions to one day, be seen as more than sailors. We had a shed, with a basement where mommy and daddy locked the children up, to starve."

Hannibal snapped "I didn't starve."

"How old were you?" Will asked, holding his breath.

"Six." Lector hissed, angrily."Stop, psychoanalyzing me and sleep. History lesson is finished. I love you, too." squeezing the younger man, dog lover, restless and twitchy at night.

Chapter 4

The sheets were clinging to their bodies as they lay in a tangle of limbs. Will was startled to find Lecter's hips pressed hard, against his ass, and the man's morning erection was a pulsing, heated presence between them. Will felt a flush of embarrassment wash over him as he touched Lecter's arm, trying to wake him.

The good doctor woke instantly, his eyes meeting Will's with a flash of groggy realization. In one fluid movement, he rose from the bed and began to do push-ups on the creaking wooden floor. Will watched, entranced by the sight of Lecter's strong arms and broad back, rippling with muscle. He could not help but appreciate the animalistic quality of the man's movements, and a shiver ran down his spine. His toes curled.

Silently, he stood up. His foot almost touched hand of the cannibal, electric attraction between them, walking into the bathroom, taking the longest cold shower of his life.

His clothes were folded and placed out on the bed with picturesque symmetry; as he stepped out.

The bathroom was larger than his first apartment. Will turned on the water, splashing cold water into his face, looking up at his reflection in the gold-edged mirror that did not even look like him. Hannibal dressed him that evening, in a dark grey heavy suit, carefully marking him with a pair of simple silver cufflinks.

Driving off into the woods, was not how he imagined spending the weekend. They drove off the main road and off the little ones, the woods getting darker by the minute. The first two gates, opened automatically, cameras watching them with an unblinking red gaze. At least a 15 minutes drive between the metal indentations in the road. Will saw things like this, during his FBI training, in the camps where metal gates were moved and dragged like walls of steel, closing in large objects. The last gate was opened by a man in a navy sweater, manually twisting the mechanism open. Will stared at the shape of the rifle familiar, a Ruger M77, the same model as Hoob`s used to hunt the teenage girls in the woods, swinging on the back of the man smiling at them to carry on into the main halls.

The farm building was on a hill, the drive-up decorated with pine trees, the sides enclosed with two very long barns. The woods and few lit windows made it hard to judge the distance. The building itself was white, all stone and cobble with square windows and an asymmetric chapel on the left with a teardrop golden top. Several cars and a motorbike were parked along the road.

The instant change in the body language of Hannibal was the first thing that stuck with Will. Hannibal parked and brought Will´s hand to his lips kissing the top of the fingers and letting go. The taller man walked around to open the car door and the flat white door of the building and then a heavy, wooden door into the chapel.

Dark space was vibrant with voices of women singing, the air smelled of candlewax and scents of Jewish Hanukkah candles, a hint of myrrh and Frankincense. Purple smoke raising from the lit bowls by the stands, with icons protected by the glass, burned Will's eyes. The front of the space was golden and shimmering from the candlelight, cold painted faces of God catching the reflection of the fire, looking down at the people standing in the small square space. Sixteen men, with their heads, bowed. The priest, talking but standing somewhere behind the golden wall. The figure beside them was a young woman, with a scarf wrapped around her head, ignoring them, and reading from a small book held to the light from the stand with very thin yellow candles.

“And here we are again” the woman spoke softly, turning the golden-edged page of her Bible.

Hannibal shifted the weight from his toes to the heels.

“Why did you bring, a filthy cop, home, Hanni.” the woman turned another page, her nails short and bright red “There are so many other boys.”

“You told me, to bring one home, when I believe in demons,” Hannibal spoke. Will rolled his eyes, feeling the awkwardness as a second skin. “Dobrij vetcher” he interrupted, pushing the sounds out to the best of his abilities, greeting the girl. And a girl she was, soft skin with bright and round eyes, the dark straight hair draping the oval face with thin eyebrows and a slightly too big mouth.

“Vetcher, dobrij” the woman spoke, tilting her head slightly a childlike laughter in her tone “And who may you be, William Graham?”

“I am, honored by your hospitality. To enter your beautiful home. May health and prosperity bless these grounds” Will smiled, mimicking the attitude.

Her laughter was like silver bells, only the lines around the eyes hinting at her age “Did you tell, this boy, to flatter me.” She addressed Hannibal, turning to face them.

“Your son-in-law; has been obsessing with everything about me” Hannibal kissed the forehead of the woman, greeting his aunt in a warm hug, and leading her out of the chapel building.

They were seated at the small dining table in a dimly lit room, surrounded by white orchids. The table was made of dark, polished wood, creating a formal and intimate setting under glossy green leaves. Hannibal had not seen his aunt in some time and for the first time in a long time, felt excited to catch up, perhaps go on a hunt. The woman kept her scarf, letting it

drape around her shoulders, the grey silk light against the dark red dress, her forearms pale and flawless, beside a couple of pale long scars.

As the main course arrived, a tuna carpaccio with a balsamic glaze, micro greens, Japanese basil pesto sauce, and toasted sesame seeds, Hannibal's eyes lit up. The dish was beautifully presented with vibrant colors and great care. He took a bite and couldn't help but smile, "… the flavors are so well balanced, the sweetness of the balsamic glaze, the nuttiness of the sesame seeds… it's all perfect…thank you…"

Murasaki simply smiled, enjoying her miso soup with shiitake mushrooms and truffle oil, a perfect complement to the main course.

Will ate soft fish, glancing up at the pair. Hannibal was, treating the meal as a piece of art, finding meaning in grilled marks and green sauce. Fish was melting on the tongue, hopefully, a fish.

Matcha tiramisu with burned sugar was served for dessert, Hannibal couldn't help but express his excitement with a few loud claps, so enthusiastic and artificial that it was borderline creepy "…this is the perfect ending to this meal, it's all so well balanced." The man sunk the spoon through crunchy sugar, scooping up soft cream.

Murasaki observed her nephew's boyfriend. The man was not particularly handsome, in fact, he was quite ordinary looking. But something about the balance of his features reminded her of the drawings she had seen in Hannibal's room during his travels through Europe. Something classic and Vitruvian brought charm to a simple face. Her nephew had drawn thousands of sketches with pencil and chalk, his obsession with the Iliad and Troyan War was quite an influence on the man he became. She remembered the summer when he build the mosaics in his quarters and hanged off ropes to paint the ceiling with gold. The darker side of life always attracted Hannibal, proof of that was the mosaic of Zeus raping a human boy in her rose gardens. After his Greek phase, and Classical art phase, her nephew was equally transfixed with his medical degrees and recreating Renaissance sculptures out of flesh.

There was a time when she exchanged the server boys on a regular basis, as they became part of the household, beloved decorations in the rose garden.

Young love was reckless, a handsome face was all Hannibal needed to charm and make anyone fall for him. But the nature of true love, the agape of the soul, something the man hunted with a passion that was quite unfamiliar to Murasaki. She held to her belief that a partnership of love is one of two equals or a loss to both.

It was clear that Hannibal's taste has not changed since his youth. News of his infatuations with the blond woman, felt like a cry for help, to Murasaki. And next thing she knew, is that Hannibal found this man, not a poet or an artist, a *demon*, he said.

The boy did not look like a demon of the soul. Murasaki couldn't help but smile.

"And do you love him?" Murasaki spoke bluntly, too loudly for her liking.She wanted to know this, now, before the heartbreak.

“He set fire to the world around me” Will spoke, looking at his food “Selfishly.”

“He murdered, people I learned to love.” the man was frowning, understanding now from where the culture of conversations grew, at dinner parties of the cannibal.

“And did you love, them?” the woman asked, ignoring the tension of Hannibal’s hand on the fork.

Will looked up into the dark eyes “There is a sense of satisfaction, in becoming.” he smiled “I have enjoyed them.”

Hannibal placed the fork on the table, laughing.

Hannibal’s grip was like iron, cutting off circulation in his hand. They almost run, walking too quickly through a hallway. Will stumbled and got pulled into a dark room. The door slammed behind them. Old buildings with old keyholes, a little light pouring over their feet. The space was too dark, to run.

The shirt he wore, ripped as fingers dig into the fabric, pulling it apart. Buttons falling to the ground. Hot and hard, lips crashing into his. Will pushed Hannibal away, moving too slowly. Slammed back into the hardwood. Effectively lifted off the floor. Hannibal launched himself on the exposed neck, fingers digging into the flesh, grasping the ass through cotton pants. Pulse was pumping in Will's ears, for all the wrong reasons, the skin on his throat tearing from the bites. Pushing off with hands and legs. Savoring the taste of little victory, pulling the short gel-coated hair, forcing Hannibal’s lips off his neck.

Both breathed hard.

Will kissed him, this time, wrapping the arms around the neck. Finding some balance against the door. Will broke the kiss to tangle the arms out of the shirt, shoulder blades pressed up against the wood. Hannibal was a selfish kisser, clumsy and impatient, forcing the tongue in. Will left with no choice but to accept the defeat, eyes already closed, warm and wet touch, not too bad, kissing the man back, feeling conflicting feelings at the larger man's hardening member pressed to his legs. Primal grinding, was too hot, to process fully. Clawing at the suit, bringing the hips up into the touch.

Will shared the frustrated groan. Hannibal slammed his hand into the door behind them, pressing the face into Will's neck, taking deep shaking breaths. The younger man pushed off to stand on his own, his legs shaking. The cannibal backing away into the dark.

The light was lit in a side room.

Sounds of water.

The space was round, with a giant bed in the middle of it, and several carved statues out of wood. Will brought his hand to his lips, they were bruised and bitten, pulsing with pain. He looked around, standing in Hannibal Lecter's childhood bedroom.

Chapter 5

So much made sense with every day they spend in this childhood home. Hannibal’s bedroom was a stage, a round space with rooms connected to it through the stairs. Hand-painted imagery of the Cernunnos gods on the ceiling, god of the Celtics, men with heads of stags, running and hunting the deer, collection of fertility gods arranged in cabinets beside weapons and hand-crafted statues. Hannibal worshiped the hunt, connecting to the underworld and welcoming death into his bed.

Will caught, the sleeve of Hannibal’s bathrobe, stepping forward and kissing the taller man. “I want to know” Will slid his hand under the bathrobe, caressing his naked chest.

Hannibal growled, fingers gliding into the dark hair, holding the former FBI agent closer “Stay” dark locks grasped harshly.

"How many, did you kill?" Will asked, laying in the arms of Hannibal, undressed and kissed and left to throb, pressing his groin against Lecter's leg. Melting into the soft touch, his lower back stroked.

"For myself, or others?" ticklish hissy accent came back.

"Total."

"Graveyards."Hannibal purred, kissing dark head, gliding his hand down, to caress and squeeze the delicious curve of Will's ass.

Hannibal had spectacular peripheral vision watching Will explore his home, touching a thick tome of Shakespeare on his desk.

"At it´s core, Renaissance drama explores the discovery of death as part of life, a spectrum of human ambition; men are just in process of mapping out meanings. It shows us how our understanding of death shapes how we live our lives and what we value. I always found that comforting.”

Will shrugged " You seem to find meaning in death when life is often more about choices men make and the impact those choices have on others.”

Hannibal smiled, picking out a tie "Exactly. Death and life are always relevant. Origins of all dramas. Mankind will always grapple with the meaning of their lives and comprehension of morality; as one of the ways to bring value to their life."

"Do you value, the life of men, whom you consume?"

"Not entirely."

"But you value, their struggle with mortality, in moments before they die." Will guessed.

"That, I do." Hannibal beamed, combing his hair in front of the mirror.

Will sat down in the leather armchair, looking up at the mosaic of a deer hunt, the lean body of an animal leaping in the air "And did you kill, to impress me?"

"It is hard, to get your attention, with anything else." Lecter added, "I killed, to protect you. I killed to amuse you. And I killed to amuse myself."

" Which one, was Abigail?" Will sighed.

Hannibal towered above him. Dropping on his knees, in front of him. Still, damp cleanly shaved cheek pressed into the palm of his hand. The scent of aftershave had a fresh note of pine and was much lighter and more sophisticated, yet familiar to the sharp liquid toothpaste perfume that Will used in the mornings. The dark blond hair was turning silver, with salt and pepper strikes.

"Jealousy." Hannibal sighed "Hurt."

The silence fell upon them.

"The hound yearns for master's heel." Will quoted the words chopped out of granite on a statue kept in one of the side rooms. It was a simple torso of a boy, motionless and still, kept company under the moonlight from the window. Hannibal frowned, with his eyes closed, pressing the face into the lap of the younger man.

"Your nature is now mine to endure." Will spoke, looking at the golden mosaic deer "Your deeds are for my pleasure."

The private movie theater was both impressive and cozy. The room was small and dimly lit, with dark blue velvet seating arranged in two rows facing a large screen. The walls were adorned with rich, ornate wallpaper, and the floors were covered in soft and thick carpeting. The air was cool, almost too cold. The lighting was styled after 1930s theaters, with flashes of gold detail. The room had an art deco feel, a style chosen by the theater's owner, Hannibal's aunt, who had a talent for blending ornaments and colors.

The movie was long and quite boring. Will migrated closer and closer, until their bodies pressed together, tilting the head to look at the sharp nose and high cheekbones. Placing a hand on top of Hannibal's thigh, and their lips locked in a kiss, in under a minute. Their bodies melded together as one, harsh fingers under his sweater, bringing them closer. Will shifted forward from an uncomfortable lean to the side, straddling the man.

Will's hands were running over Hannibal's chest, pulling at the fabric, grinding hips against the burgundy wool. Purposefully getting back at being locked in the room like a child. The man left that morning, bringing him breakfast and lunch, layered in attitude like an onion. Italian double-breasted vests are a pain to unhook, the buttons on the inside. The white shirt pulled up, his hands pressing into bare, real skin. Their breathing was ragged, kiss breaking apart to come together, with tongue. Hannibal's hands roamed Will's back, pulling the dark locks by the roots.

A sharp ping, of a message. "You should check this out," the text said, it was from Murakami. Hannibal's phone flickered to life, illuminating their faces with the sickly light of link with breaking news. Jack Crawford aged in less than a year, since they have seen him, giving an interview, wearing the FBI vest and a gun holder.

"Young women were being brutally murdered in the same manner, and the authorities were struggling to find any leads on the Chesapeake Rippers" The woman spoke into the microphone.

"We believe that there are multiple copycat murderers on the move, traveling by car within large cities. They seem to be coordinated and strike together between 3 am and 8 am in the morning, picking up victims from their morning commute. We understand the increasing concern of the public and ask for cooperation through state lines." Crawford added, dark circles under his eyes.

As the news segment ended, Will chuckled, brushing fingers over Hannibal's lips "Someone is, so popular."

Will was not sure if it was the sedative in his bloodstream or a belly always full of food, but in his conscious adult life, he could not remember falling asleep so easily and sleeping so well.

A scary orange bottle in the kitchen contained hydroxyzine, so at the very least, he was thankful for not being medicated with more common and highly addictive benzodiazepines. He was unsure of how, they still were not found by the FBI, if Hannibal was still using his medical license and proscribing pills. But on the other hand, he did not really care, he was a housewife now, Hannibal had money that seemed to just exist in ridiculous quantities, and he used it to make their lives easier, spending days, researching eczema on his thigh and textural preferences before buying a bottle of lube. Every purchase was a research project. Every meal was planned days ahead.

Their bed was heavenly, he spend full days in it. Not too soft or too firm, and the texture of the bedsheets did not trigger his sensitivity. He just lived, accepting his nightmares and the misery as part of his condition. Now there were always towels, for when he had nightmares, and sweat through his pajamas. Hannibal always slept naked and on top of him. At first, he struggled, but now he actively searched for the comfort of the weighted blanket when napping on his own. He napped in the midday and half an hour in the afternoon, as if his brain was recovering a sleep debt. The room was always pitch black from multiple layers of blackout curtains hanging over the windows, their bedroom was like a cool cave he climbed into, after a hot shower and an equally astonishing routine of daily blowjobs.

He also could not remember, willingly eating a bowl of broccoli, but life was surely full of surprises.

The food was, a way, Hannibal expressed himself and Will was understanding the flavors now. Spicy dishes were for days when it was windy and cold. Soups were a starter to a dish, that he was proud to show him. One would expect a daily human BLT on the menu, with the cannibal, but if there was a little extra in the sauce, Will could not taste a difference.

They were in bed, Will was bored and scrolling pornhub on his phone, turning the sound up. Hannibal did not even look at him, a cookbook massacred with notes from a sharp scratchy pen and sticky notes. The sound of the pen against the paper was irritating Will and giving him goosebumps. Frustrated, he pumped his hand on his dick, wondering what was so interesting about the damn thing.

Sex with women was easy, vaginas were familiar and in all of his experiences, the girls accepted his awkwardness and need for space. They were soft and knew what felt good to both of them. He could appreciate a good set of tits, even now, crawling up the walls for Hannibal's dick. Bouncing and soft or small and easy to grab or flat and lickable, with muscle underneath. These, inner monologues of his, were his therapy. Apparently, he was a bisexual man. At first, he thought that they did not go further than some kissing, because of some insane level of internalized homophobia.

But, oh how wrong he was.

There were spreadsheets.

Multiple pages.

Hannibal with power tools was an odd sight, but slowly and surely, a set of cabinets were being built. There were pictures, of dildos, taped to the wall, in their future storage. If this level of preparation was a default setting, Will could fucking wait.

The porn, felt unsexy and fake, with exaggerated panting and constant shifts in position. Will searched for gay porn, still unsure of the terminology, the unfamiliar sight of bodies and stubble some of the men looked like oiled-up turkeys, with swollen arms and asses. He went back to popular videos, finding one of sex. He wanted more, then close up to a dick gliding

into a hole. Kissing Hannibal was a physical full-body experience, less gentle than kissing a woman. Who was the last woman he kissed, it must have been Molly. He loved the comfort of married life. He did feel affection and enjoyed her body and her mind. She was the right thing to do, at the time when he needed to do the right thing.

That was the problem, wasn't it, he was too damaged to continue the charade. He needed more than affection and craved more than she could give him. Sometimes, you are just the wrong person, and there is not much that can be done about that. Even if the truth hurts everyone involved.

The men on the screen were kissing, one of them hairy like a monkey. Hannibal had some hair on the legs and under the arms, and when he did not shave it off, there was the softest fur on his chest and a treasure trail of blond pubic hair. Will was not allowed to kiss, lick or even touch under the waistband, not even once. But the scent of sex coated the insides of his mouth, it was on his tongue. It's not like, his visual curiosity was not satisfied, he even woke up early to look at him. He just never, woke up early enough, to catch Hannibal off guard or suck his dick. It was just perfect and pink and his mouth was salivating, thinking about it. Will swallowed saliva, leaning in for a kiss. Kissed softly.

Alana's voice was loud, talking from Hannibal's phone, something about murders and investigation, Will was still half asleep, not listening.

"Nhn, good morning" a large and warm hand was petting him, under the blanket, and he was falling back into a nap "The mother of your child, is trying to find us." Hannibal spoke, voice tense.

"My what?" Will jumped.

"A son," Hannibal informed him "Margot and Alana had a biological child."

"What does their child, has to do with me?" Will lifted up on an elbow, looking into dark brown eyes.

Lecter`s lips thinned "You intentionally slept with both of them if I recall it."

"Didn't you?" Will rolled his eyes, sitting up.

"I do **not** sleep with my patients!" hissing was a top to toe form of communication.

" I am your patient. Sleeping seems to be the only thing we do!" Will smacked a pillow into Hannibal's back" And as I recall it, Margot signed a contract, buying my sperm!"

"She did?" Lecter mumbled.

"Do I look to be fit, for fathering a litter of paddling psycho babies?" Will groaned "Or, did you assume, I will run off to meet this mystical child, I apparently cannot live without, and lead us into a trap?"

"My relationship with Alana was mutually consensual, if not entirely truthful on my side of it. I provided her with emotional support, which both of us needed at that moment in time. If I recall it, you insisted on hating me and staying in jail when I gave you every opportunity to escape from it." Hannibal spoke.

"Oh yes, I remember. You put me in that jail!"

"That facility had more holes, than swiss cheese. I could have set up picnics in your cell. Our therapy reached the most critical point when you needed to learn to act on your feelings instead of being paralyzed by them."

"So, you screwed my only friend?"

"She came to me, with her own legs." Hannibal hissed "You send someone else, to kill me. You could have reached out. I all but, dry-humped your fancy cage. Instead of flirting with me, you flirted with a stranger and send your boy toy to do your dirty work."

Will did his best, to not start laughing "Are you going to spread your legs, for everyone mildly upset with my behavior?"

"What are you doing?" Hannibal asked putting the teacup down on the plate, they only owned brand new, whole teacups, made out of the highest quality porcelain and durable enough to survive the smash test against the kitchen counter.

"A quiz." Will's feet were on his lap, which was very distracting with the balls of the feet pressed into the fabric of his pants.

"Alright." Hannibal placed his hand on top of the feet, stroking them "Ask away."

"Are you an organized or disorganized killer?" FBI profile was built on fundamental questions, a base for statistics from 70 years of research on homicides and serial homicides caught in the wild.

"Organised. You are the disorganized one. At first, I was mortified, but then I discovered that you follow instructions quite well under those bursts of energy. You make a minimal mess, which I appreciate and learned to admire. People with emotional psychosis are quite difficult to handle. If I am allowed to add my two cents, I wish we spend more time developing other interests than murder and solving crimes. I am a little tired of being a Scooby Doo gang, with my own boyfriend. I understand that we communicate in this way, but perhaps we can participate in other, less dangerous activities?"

"Just answer the questions. I want to know if I risk waking up with an axe in my head. Were you driven by your sexual fantasies in your early murders?" the former FBI agent, was typing frantically.

"We do not own an axe; that is a meat tenderizer. And of course, I did. I had most vivid, homosexual fantasies in my childhood and early teens, which did not fully develop into sexually driven murderous fantasies solidly because I killed multiple times, in those years, and was not as traumatized by the effects of puberty and erotica on the act of claiming another man`s life. I was influenced by biblical homophobia but far from a degree, that I would call significant in my development if that is the question that you wanted to ask." Condensed milk was slowly dissolving in his tea, the computer made a sound, every time a checkbox was crossed in. "Thank you. And what kind of fantasy, are you living through, when killing now?" Will asked.

"I am not, fantasizing about murder anymore." Lecter shrugged.

Will looked up "When did you stop?"

"Perhaps, at twenty-two or twenty-three. Now, it is a mundane thing, that requires a lot of cleaning and chopping. I am not fantasizing about the process of disposal either. There is meat that tastes better, so I am not doing it for my palette. Eating is a form of reminder, that helps with the justification of my own actions and decisions. It is a form of grounding technique."

"Why do you do it, then? Why hunt prey, that brings you logistical difficulties, when there are other forms of therapy available? You must have stopped at least once, and asked yourself, what are you doing in a field with a knife when you have resources to see and taste all the beauty in the world, your time is precious, is it not? " Will leaned back, closing the computer.

Hannibal thought about it " It is important to me, to experience life at its darkest and brightest moments, to appreciate both sides of the coin. I enjoyed, meeting you and wrapping your perception of the world to my liking, as much as I enjoy my favorite paintings or a clean death. If you are going to psychoanalyze me, I want to remind you, that I ate, almost all of my therapists."

"Because you did not trust them, to keep your secrets? I doubt, that is in the top three of the issues, that might lead to you eating me, in our situation." the man tilted his head slightly.

The sweater felt heavy Hannibal reached up unbuttoning the top buttons of his shirt "No, because I felt vulnerable and judged, and I did not like that. I do not want you, to judge me, for my behavior or preferences, in areas where I have far more experience than you do. "

Will moved his feet, pressing the soles against Hannibal’s leg, moving in light up and down movement "I am addressing this, because I wish to not worry about your state of mind, and as your boyfriend, I would like to know what triggers you into murderous fits."

"Judgement. Judgment triggers me, like anyone else. Rudeness and condescending judgment." Hannibal yanked off his sweater and threw it on a chair across the living room.

"Thank you. And did you feel judged, in your early sexual fantasies?" Will spoke firmly, applying some pressure with his foot on the groin of the older man.

"I suppose so. There is no fancy quiz, is there?"

Will chuckled "I am fully qualified to evaluate you from a professional standpoint as a murderer. Tell me, about sexual fantasies, that you used to have."

Hannibal shrugged off the uncomfortable question "As you already know, they involved a lot of imagery from the novels and myths."

"Elaborate. What did you want to do? Please take this seriously, as this impacts our sex life and my happiness." Will smiled, very aware of leaving no choice in the matter.

"Undress. Steal." Hannibal mumbled "Sometimes, there was Zeus. Sometimes I was raped. Are you sure, you want to know this? I wanted to sculpt and contain them in liquid wax and watch them die and turn into solid ivory statues, for my pleasure. I wanted to form them and the last thing, they felt too, be a gift from me, unwanted orgasms. I often fantasized about fucking someone to their death. And I wanted the body as an offering to myself. I wanted to watch them drown. I wanted to coat them in oil and watch them burn. Expression of pain is very honest and human, and I enjoy it. I remember, being aroused by the silent struggles and marks left behind. I treasured the bruises for weeks after my first murders. I always mourn, when the body is turned to bone and ashes. "

"Did the boys, look like me?" a nod "Many, did. Yes. There was this emotional build-up and a lot of dreams. I remember vivid daydreams. Then a big snap of guilt and stress. Sometimes, the feelings came when I kissed them. Sometimes just from touching them. I also, licked them, when that felt interesting. But necrophiliac sex is quite messy, passing hours can be violent and full of unwanted bodily functions."

Will reached forward, bringing Hannibal to his knees in front of the couch "I am satisfied with your answers. I am not mad or judging you. Do you understand, what I am trying to do?"

Hannibal nodded "…I do, cognitive experience-based therapy...but...lust and hunger are very confusing feelings, and I do not like feeling confusion in these situations. You are not, food, and I do not want to accidentally view you as food."

Will rested his hands on Hannibal's face "This is what I want. I am frustrated with you, for not acting on the full spectrum of your sexual desires. If you feel hungry, we are going to take a snack break and return to what we were doing. I am not going to be mad at you, for biting me in a moment of passion, but I do not wish you to be mutilated with your teeth."

"Bite me"

Hannibal chomped down on the fleshy part of Will`s hand, guided by the hair to the groin.

Hannibal pulled him closer to sit on edge of the seat, making him raise his ass to pull the sweatpants and underwear down. Will kicked, getting fabric somewhere under the couch.

Slowly the teeth unclenched, and the pink half-moon shape from the bite did not bleed, Hannibal licked across the pink mark, his eyes cloudy. Kissing the wrist. He sat back, folding the sleeves of the shirt to the elbow searching the room with his eyes.

Now, this was sex, pink flush on the normally pale ears. Silent determination of delirium and primal hunger, Hannibal rushed to wrap his lips around Will's cock. Women often commented that he was not circumcised, which was not an issue with Europeans. The man was nuzzling, fucking smelling him, and sucking. His mouth was wet and warm, tongue stroking the cock. This was not a performance, put up in the bathroom every evening, with no eye contact. Just simple selfish obsession, hand grasping his ball sack a heavy thumb stroking across the balls coated in saliva oozing down his dick. The rhythmic continuous friction, lips gliding. Hannibal bobbed his head, rocking forward, kneeling on the hard parquet flooring.

Chapter 6

Mark watched as Laura drove away from the gas station, a sense of worry mixing in his chest. "Drive safe, baby," he whispered to himself, small tv in the back of the shop rolling the news of accidents in traffic. He smiled. As Laura drove down the dark road from the parking lot, her music turned up so loud he could hear it from inside. He shook his head, returning his attention to inventory, trying to shake off the odd feelings. They had a 7-month-old puppy in their flat, and the puppies needed walks.

Laura, swore, the car slowing down into a crawl and then stopping, “Genie In A Bottle” by Christina Aguilera stopped playing, as the car stuttered to a total stop in the middle of the road. Laura tried to start the car again, but it was no use. She was between two fields, her high school football field close enough, that she could see the lights in the building beside it.

"Damn it!" she exclaimed, slapping her hands against the steering wheel, they could not afford a new car right now. "Come on!" she turned the key again, Mark would be taking a bus home, this was her aunt's car that stood out in the garden for the majority of her childhood and was given to Laura for graduation.

Just then, a taxi pulled up nearby, and a woman got out of the driver's seat. "Looks like you could use a ride," the woman said, noticing Laura's distress.

Laura hesitated, feeling wary of this stranger. "I don't know..." she trailed off, unsure of what to do, she reached up, putting her dark brown hair into a ponytail.

The woman smiled warmly, her eyes crinkling at the corners. "Don't worry, I won't bite," she joked. "I'll even give you a ride for free if you want."

Laura thought for a moment, then nodded. "Okay, thank you. That's very kind of you." grabbing her bag from the passenger seat, and opening her phone to text Mark about the car.

The insides of the taxi were warm and clean, with plastic covers on the seat and a slight scent of cleaner like freshly cleaned hotel rooms, the driver did not try to make small talk, but Laura couldn't shake off her sense of unease opening messenger and typing a quick note to Mark "So, what brings you out so late?" she asked, looking up from her phone.

"Just a check-up, off the clock," the woman replied "New set of wheels. Tough job, on the car, this is."

Laura laughed nervously. "Yeah."

The woman smiled in the little mirror and sunk down the dark plastic divider between driver and passenger, Laura noticed that it seemed forced.

"Hey, you can drop me off here. Miss?" she asked, leaning closer to the plastic. The car drove past the high school, kids playing on the field, driving through the town. "Hey, wait!" Laura

exclaimed knocking on the plastic. "Let me out! I will call the cops!" She stared in horror at her phone, the bars dropping down to zero, no connection when it was perfect just a few moments ago.

She could feel something dropping in her body, gripping the car door and trying to open it. "Hey!!!" she screamed at the driver, heart pounding in her chest.

The darkness was all-consuming as Allison lay there, her jaw throbbing with pain, a plastic gag pushed deep into her mouth. The memory of her husband Josh's lifeless eyes staring back at her haunted her every waking moment. He had been brutally beaten, right before her eyes, and there was nothing she could do to save him. Her mind raced as she tried to comprehend what was happening. They were on their honeymoon, they just got off the plane. The Uber driver was a man with a round, kind face, he showed no mercy as he continued to drive, ignoring their screams and pleas to stop the car , driving off into the night.

The woman screamed again.

And again.

Blood poured from the holes, where her bright blue eyes used to be.

Special Agent Adam Thompson stepped out of the unmarked black SUV and surveyed the scene before him. Yellow police tape cordoned off the entrance to the shopping hall, and several uniformed officers milled about, jotting down notes and snapping photos.

"What do we have?" he asked the first officer he came across.

The officer looked up, his expression weary. "We're not sure yet. Someone reported a body inside one of the clothing stores. We haven't been able to get in touch with the owner yet."

Adam nodded grimly, feeling a sense of dread settle in his gut. He and his team had seen their fair share of crime scenes, but there was always something about a murder that sent a chill down their spines. He motioned for his team to start setting up the standard procedures for securing the crime scene, and they sprang into action, donning latex gloves and snapping on face masks. He walked towards the entrance of the shopping hall, trying to get a better look at the situation.

Adam surveyed the crime scene, the young girl's body wasn't what it seemed. The skin tone of the wrists did not match the skin tone of the shoulders. As the team worked to secure the area, Adam noticed something that made his blood run cold. The corpse was actually a sewn-together collection of at least two young women, carved into the shape of a grotesque doll.

Adam knew then that they were dealing with something beyond the ordinary. This was the work of a sadistic killer, someone who had no qualms about mutilating and desecrating human bodies. And worse still, the Chesapeake Rippers, a pair of notorious serial killers, were still at large.

As the investigation continued, Adam couldn't shake the feeling that his former teacher, Will Graham, might be involved. The way the doll-like corpse had been crafted was reminiscent of the Ripper's methods. And Will, with his uncanny ability to get inside the minds of killers, had always been a prime suspect in the case.

Adam picked up the phone and called Jennifer, a fellow FBI and police officer, to discuss his suspicions. "Jen, I need your help with something, I need Crawford on the scene," he said when she answered. "I think we might be dealing with the Chesapeake Rippers. And I think Will Graham might be in town."

There was a stunned silence on the other end of the line. "Are you serious?" Jennifer asked, her voice trembling with disbelief. "Another one?" she sighed.

Adam took a deep breath. "I wish I wasn't," he said. "But the girl looks like Abigail Hoobs."

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!